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THE PRINCE'S PLUMES.

THE three traditional ostrich feathers which form the crest of the Prince of Wales, and the motto which invariably accompanies them, are more familiar to an Englishman than any other heraldic insignia, except it be the lion and unicorn supporting the arms of the sovereign, or the well-known dagger in London City shield.

The popular account of the adoption of the feathers by the eldest sons of the English kings as their own peculiar badge is, that the Black Prince, son of Edward III., conquered the original wearer of the crest, John of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia, at the field of Crécy, and ever afterwards wore the plumes in commemoration of the battle. 'The fate of the king of Bohemia,' says Hume, 'was remarkable. He was blind from age; but being resolved to hazard his person and set an example to others, he ordered the reins of his bridle to be tied on each side to two gentlemen of his train; and his dead body and those of his attendants were afterwards found among the slain, with their horses standing by them in that situation. It is said that the crest of the king of Bohemia was three ostrich feathers, and his motto, "Ich Dien," I serve, which the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of the great victory.'

Modern research has played havoc with many a cherished legend, one after another of which have yielded to the critical examination of historical records. The general opinion now is that the badge, so far from being acquired on the battlefield, was adopted by the Black Prince and his successors as part of the armorial bearings of the various continental families with whom they were connected by descent. There is no contemporary evidence in support of the popular history of the badge, and the earliest writer who refers to it is Camden, whose *Remains* were published in the time of Elizabeth, more than two centuries after the battle. He says: 'The victorious Black Prince, his son, used sometimes one feather, sometimes three, in token of his speedy execu-

tion in all his services, as the posts in the Roman times were *pteroporti*, and wore feathers to signify their flying post-haste. But the tradition is that he wore them at the battle of Poitiers, whereupon he adjoined this old English word, "Ic Den;" that is, I serve, according to that of the apostle, "the heir, while he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant." The learned antiquary even appears to be uncertain whether the battle he refers to was Crécy or Poitiers, for in the next edition of his work he says, 'he won them at the battle of Crécy from John, king of Bohemia.' It is also to be observed, unfortunately for the legend, that the crest of the Bohemian king was not a plume of ostrich feathers, but two wings of a vulture, '*semée*, of linden leaves of gold expanded.'

It is most probable that the badge was introduced into England by Philippa of Hainault, the consort of Edward III., and mother of the Black Prince. She was descended from the sister of Henry, Count of Luxembourg, an ancestor of John of Bohemia, whose connection with the legend is thus accounted for; and John's son, the Emperor Charles IV., bore an ostrich as his badge; as did his daughter Anne, the first queen of Richard II. The earliest reference to the ostrich feathers in any English record is in an indenture witnessing the delivery of certain articles of plate belonging to the wardrobe of Queen Philippa. Silver basins and ewers are described, enamelled with the arms of France and Hainault quarterly, and particular mention is made of a large dish for the alms of the queen. It was silver-gilt and enamelled on the bottom with a black escutcheon with ostrich feathers. The inference is that, like the arms of Hainault upon other articles of the plate, the ostrich feathers in the sable shield belonged to Queen Philippa, and were borne by her as a badge of her family, or in right of some territories governed by the Princes of her house.

The Black Prince refers to the feathers in his will dated the 7th of June 1376. He gave orders that his body should be buried in the cathedral

at Canterbury, and that twelve baton escutcheons should be placed around his tomb. Each was to be a foot high; in six of them should be 'our entire arms,' and ostrich feathers were to be placed in the others. He directed that upon each of the shields the word 'Houmont' should be placed; and it is very noticeable that the motto 'Ich Dien' does not occur in any part of the will. The Prince desired that an effigy of himself should be placed upon the tomb 'fully armed for war, with our arms quarterly, with our crest of the *Leopard* put under the head of the effigy.' He also ordered that his funeral procession through the streets of Canterbury should be preceded by 'two war-horses, covered with our arms; and two men armed in our arms and in our crests, the one for war, with our entire arms quarterly, and the other for peace, with our badge of the ostrich feathers with our banners of the same suite.' The fact that the Prince twice calls the feathers 'our badge' is peculiarly deserving of attention, and clearly shows that they were not used by him as an armorial ensign, but were wholly unconnected with war, and that the man who carried the feathers at the funeral represented the Prince as equipped for the amusement of the tournament, and not as arrayed in his full panoply of combat. Among various other bequests, the Prince left to the church at Canterbury his 'hangings of ostrich feathers of black tapestry, having a red border with swans for ladies' heads.' Although the Prince did not mention the motto 'Ich Dien' in his will, it is very clear that he sometimes used both it and the word 'Houmont' as an addition to his signature, for upon an extant warrant in the Prince's own hand both mottoes appear.

Rudely engraved representations of feathers appear upon two seals of the Black Prince, and upon one of his father; and the badge in different forms was borne by other sons of Edward III. John of Gaunt and his descendants all used the ostrich feathers; and his arms with three feathers ensconced on a sable shield were placed in a window of St Paul's Cathedral; while his arms in the cloisters of Canterbury are also surrounded by the same badges. There is no evidence that the feathers were borne by Lionel, the second, or by Richard, the fourth son of Edward III.; but they undoubtedly were by Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, the youngest son, who used two badges, the feathers and the swan. So far from being confined to the sole use of the Princes of Wales, the feathers were occasionally granted to collateral branches of the Royal House. Richard II., who adopted the white hart as his own badge, granted two ostrich feathers to his cousin, Thomas Mowbray, Earl-marshal, and Duke of Norfolk.

The Princes of the rival Houses of Lancaster and York alike used the feathers. Henry IV. before his accession bore them in a remarkable manner. On each side of his shield is an ostrich feather with four small scrolls, the lowest having the letters so; the next, VE; the third, REY; and the last NE—forming together the word SOVEREYNE; and he continued their use when he came to the throne. One of the dishes at the coronation banquet of Henry VI. was a 'frytoun' garnished with a leopard's head and 'ij estryche

fidus.' The badge appears on the seal of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, and mother of Henry VII. Edward, Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Agincourt in 1415, bore both the feathers and the motto 'Ich Dien.' The seal of Edward V. as Prince of Wales represents the ostrich feathers in a singular manner. The Prince appears on horseback; the shield and the trappings of the horse are charged with three lions *passant*, and a single feather is fixed upon the horse's head; while the ground is bespangled with ostrich feathers and roses with the motto 'Ich Dien.' The horse-trappings of Richard III. were also decorated with the same badge. Henry VIII. bore the feathers as king; and from his time they have been used exclusively by the eldest sons of the reigning sovereigns. Edward VI., who never held the title of Prince of Wales, and was known until the death of his father as Prince Edward, simply bore a plume of feathers within a wreath of roses; and Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., sometimes bore the plume as it was used by his predecessors, and sometimes as it is seen at the present time. Since that period the feathers have been borne in the usual manner.

The less known motto 'Houmont' was originally of more importance than 'Ich Dien'; but in later times has been almost forgotten. It is probably founded on old German words variously written 'Hoogh moed,' 'Hoo moed,' or 'Hoogh me,' and is supposed to have related to the mental peculiarities of the first bearer.

There is thus strong reason for believing that the badge and both the mottoes have descended to their present possessors from the old House of Hainault, and that, instead of being trophies of successful war, they have been acquired peacefully by inheritance.

THE IVORY GATE.*

By WALTER BESANT.

PROLOGUE (continued).

'WELL, mother?' he asked.

His mother sat down. She looked pale and wretched.

'Mother,' cried Hilda, the elder sister. 'Quick! What has happened? What does Mr Dering say?'

'He accuses nobody,' she replied in a hard dry voice. 'But'—

'But what?' asked Hilda.

'He told me everything—everything—and—and— Oh!' She burst into sobs and crying, though she despised women who cry. 'It is terrible—It is terrible—It is incredible. Yet, what can I think? What can any one think? Leave us, Hilda. Leave us, Elsie.' The two girls went out unwillingly. 'Oh! my son—how can I believe it? And yet—on the one hand, a boy of two-and-twenty exposed to all the temptations of town: on the other, an old clerk of fifty years' service and integrity. And when the facts are laid before you both—calmly and coldly—you fly into a rage and run away,

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while Checkley calmly remains to await the inquiry.'

Mrs Arundel had been accustomed all her life to consider Mr Dering as the wisest of men. She felt instinctively that he regarded her son with suspicion: she heard all the facts: she jumped to the conclusion that he was a prodigal and a profligate: that he had fallen into evil ways, and spent money in riotous living: she concluded that he had committed these crimes in order to get more money for more skittles and oranges.

'Athelstan'—she laid her hand upon his arm, but did not dare to lift her eyes and behold that guilty face—'Athelstan—confess—make reparation so far as you can—confess—oh! my son—my son! You will be caught and tried and found guilty, and—oh! I cannot say it—through the notes which you have changed. They are all known and stopped.'

The boy's wrath was now changed to madness.

'You!' he cried. 'You? My own mother? You believe it, no? Oh! we are all going mad together. What? Then I am turned out of this house, as I am turned out of my place. I go, then—I go; and'—here he swore a mighty oath, as strong as anybody out of Spain can make them—'I will never—never—never come home again till you come yourself to beg forgiveness—you—my own mother!'

Outside, in the hall, his sisters stood, waiting and trembling.

'Athelstan,' cried the elder, 'what, in the name of Heaven, have you done?'

'Go, ask my mother. She will tell you. She knows, it seems, better than I know myself. I am driven away by my own mother. She says that I am guilty of—of—of forgery.'

'If she says so, Athelstan,' his sister replied, coldly, 'she must have her reasons. She would not drive you out of the house for nothing. Don't glare like that. Prove your innocence.'

'What? You, too? Oh! I am driven away by my sisters as well'—

'No, Athelstan—no,' cried Elsie, catching his hand. 'Not both your sisters.'

'My poor child;' he stooped and kissed her. 'They will make you believe what they believe. Good Heavens! They make haste to believe it; they are glad to believe it.'

'No—no. Don't go, Athelstan.' Elsie threw her arms about him. 'Stay, and show that they are wrong. Oh! you are innocent. I will never—never—never believe it.'

He kissed her again, and tore himself away. The street door slammed behind him: they heard his footsteps as he strode away. He had gone.

Then Elsie fell into loud weeping and wailing. But Hilda went to comfort her mother.

'Mother,' she said, 'did he really, really and truly do it?'

'What else can I believe? Either he did it or that old clerk. Where is he?'

'He is gone. He says he will come back when his innocence is proved. Mother, if he is innocent, why does he run away? It's foolish to say that it is because we believe it. I've said nothing except that you couldn't believe it without reasons. Innocent young men don't run away when they are charged with robbery. They stay and fight it out. Athelstan should have stayed.'

Later on, when they were both a little recovered, Hilda tried to consider the subject more calmly. She had not her mother's cleverness, but she was not without parts. The following remarks—made by a girl of eighteen—prove so much.

'Mother,' she said, 'perhaps it is better, so long as this suspicion rests upon him, that he should be away. We shall certainly know where he is: he will want money, and will write for it. If it should prove that somebody else did the thing, we can easily bring him back as a martyr—for my own part I should be so glad that I would willingly beg his pardon on my knees—and of course we could easily get him replaced in the office. If it is proved that he did do it—and that, you think, they will be certain to find out—Mr Dering, for your sake, will be ready to hush it up—perhaps we may get the notes back—he can't have used them all; in any case it will be a great comfort to feel that he is out of the way: a brother convicted—tried in open court—sentenced—oh!' She shuddered. 'We should never get over it: never, never! It would be a most dreadful thing for Elsie and me. As for his going away, if people ask why he is gone and where, we must invent something—we can easily make up a story—hint that he has been wild—there is no disgrace, happily, about a young man being wild—that is the only thing that reconciles one to the horrid selfishness of wild young men—and if, by going away in a pretended rage, Athelstan has really enabled us to escape a horrid scandal—why, mother, in that case—we may confess that the blow has been by Providence most mercifully softened for us—most mercifully. We ought to consider that, mother.'

'Yes, dear, yes. But he is gone. Athelstan is gone. And his future seems ruined. There is no hope for him. I can see no hope whatever. My dear, he was so promising. I thought that all the family influence would be his—we haven't got a single City solicitor in the whole family. I thought that he was so clever and so ambitious and so eager to get on and make money and be a credit to the family. Solicitors do sometimes—especially City solicitors—become so very, very rich; and now it is all gone and done—and nothing left to hope but the miserable wish that there should be no scandal.'

'It is indeed dreadful. But still—consider—no scandal. Mother, I think we should find out, if we can, something about his private life—how he has been living. He has been out a good deal of evenings lately. If there is any—any person—on whom he has been tempted to spend money—if he has been gambling—or betting, or any of the things that I read of'—this young lady, thanks to the beneficent assistance of certain works of fiction, was tolerably acquainted with the ways of young men and their temptations—'it would be a satisfaction to know it at least.'

The ladies of a family where there is a 'wild' young man do not generally find it easy to get at the facts of his wildness: these remain locked up in the bosoms of his companions. No details could be learned about any wildness—quite the contrary. He seemed, so far as could be learned, to have led a very quiet and regular life. 'But then,' said the philosopher of eighteen, quoting

from a novel, 'men shelter each other. They are all bad together.'

But—no scandal.

Everybody knows that kind of brother or sister by whom all family events are considered with a view to the scandal likely to be caused and the personal injury resulting to himself; or the envy that will follow and the personal advantage accruing from that event. That her brother was perhaps a shameful criminal might be considered by Hilda Arundel later on: at first, she was only capable of perceiving that this horrid fact, unless it could be hidden away and kept secret, might very materially injure herself.

Almost naturally, she folded her hands sweetly and laid her comely head a little on one side—it is an attitude of resignation which may be observed in certain pictures of saints and holy women. Hilda knew many little attitudes. Also, quite naturally, she glanced at a mirror on the wall and observed that her pose was one of sorrow borne with Christian resignation.

We must blame neither Hilda nor her mother. The case as put by Mr Dering in the form of plain fact without any comment, did seem very black indeed against Athelstan. In every family the first feeling in such a case—it is the instinct of self-preservation—is to hush up the thing if possible—to avoid a scandal.

Such a scandal as the prosecution of a brother for forgery—with a verdict of guilty—is a most truly horrible, deplorable, fatal thing. It takes the respectability out of a family perhaps at a critical moment, when the family is just assuming the robes of respectability: it ruins the chances of the girls: it blights the prospects of the boys: it drives away friends: it is a black spot which all the soaps ever advertised could never wash off. Therefore, while the mother hoped, first of all, that the boy would escape the clutch of the law, Hilda was, first of all, grateful that there would be no scandal. Mr Dering would not talk about it. The thing would not interfere with her own prospects. It was sad: it was miserable: but yet—no scandal. With what a deep, deep sigh of satisfaction did the young lady repeat that there would probably be no scandal!

As for Elsie, that child went about for many days with tearful eyes, red cheeks, and a swollen nose. She was rebellious and sharp with her mother. And to her sister she refused to speak. The days went on. They became weeks, months, years. Otherwise they would not have been days. Nothing at all was heard of Athelstan. He sent no letters to any one: he did not even write for money: they knew not where he was or what he was doing. He disappeared. It was understood that there had been wildness.

Now—which was very remarkable—though the forger had had a clear run of three weeks, it could not be discovered that any of the notes had been presented. Perhaps they were sent abroad: yet foreign and colonial banks would know the numbers of stopped notes. And towards the discovery of the forger no further step had been taken. The commissionaire who took the cheque had been, as you have seen, easily found: he said he should know the old gentleman who gave him the forged draft to cash. He said, being again interrogated, that

Checkley was not in the least like that old gentleman. What could be thought, then? Athelstan must have 'made up' as an old man: he was fond of private theatricals: he could make up very well: of course, he had made up. And then, this point being settled, they left off talking about the business.

Other things happened—important things—which made the memory of the prodigal son to wax dim. First of all came Hilda's case. She was a graceful young person, with features of great regularity: her expression was cold, her eyes were hard, and her lips were a little thin, but these things at nineteen are hardly perceived. She was that sort of girl who seems created for the express purpose, first of wearing and beautifying costly raiment, and next of sitting in a splendid vehicle. The finer the dress, the more beautiful she looked. The grander the carriage, the more queenly she seemed. In rags her coldness would be arctic, her hardness would be granitic: in silk and velvet she became a goddess. It was therefore most fitting that she should marry a rich man. Now, to be rich in these days, one must be old. It is the price that one has to pay for wealth. Sometimes one pays the price and gets old, and yet does not get what one has paid for. That seems hardly fair. There was a certain rich man, Mr Dering's younger brother, Sir Samuel Dering, Knight, one of the most substantial City men, a man who had a house in Kensington Palace Gardens, a yacht, a country place in Sussex, and piles of papers in a safe, meaning investments. He was a widower without encumbrance: he was fifty-seven years of age, not yet decayed: he wanted a wife to be the mistress of his house and to look well at his dinner-parties. Of course, when one does want a wife, at any age, one wants her young. Hilda Arundel, his brother's ward, looked as if she would discharge the duties required of the position admirably. He suggested the arrangement to his brother, who spoke about it.

There was a good deal of talking about it. Mrs Arundel showed that she knew the value of her daughter; but there was no doubt about the conclusion of the matter. There was a grand wedding, at which all the richer Arundels were present, and none of the poor relations. Mr Dering, the young lady's guardian, gave her away: Hilda became Lady Dering, and has been perfectly happy ever since. Elsie remained with her mother. Her brother was never spoken of between them. But she remembered him, and she was firm in her conviction that his innocence would be some day established.

After five years, nothing at all having been heard of the notes, Mr Dering made application to the Bank of England, and received from them the sum of £720 in new crisp notes in the place of those of which he had been robbed, so that the actual loss at 4 per cent. compound interest amounted to no more than £155, 19s. 9½d., which is more than one likes to lose, yet is not actually embarrassing to a man whose income is about ten thousand a year. He ceased to think about the business altogether, except as a disagreeable episode of his office.

Then Athelstan Arundel became completely forgotten. His old friends, the young men with whom he had played and sported, only remem-

bered him from time to time as a fellow who had come to some unknown grief, and had gone away. There is always some young fellow in every set of young fellows who gets into some scrape, and so leaves the circle, and is no more seen or heard of. We go on just the same without him: very seldom is such a man remembered long: it is the way of the world: we cannot stop to lament over the fallen: we must push on: others fall: close up the ranks: push on: Time drives: the memory of the fallen swiftly waxes dim.

Four years or so after the mysterious business of Edmund Gray, Mr Dering received a letter with an American stamp marked 'Private and Confidential.' He laid this aside until he had got through the business letters; then he opened it. He turned first to the signature. 'Ha!' he said, 'Athelstan Arundel. At last. Now we shall see. We shall see.'

He expected a full confession of the crime. We should never expect, says the Sage, what we desire, because we never obtain what we expect. It would have made Mr Dering more comfortable in his mind had the letter contained a confession. Of course Athelstan had done it. Nobody else could have done it. Yet when he thought about the business at all, there always arose in his mind an uneasy feeling that perhaps the boy had been treated unwisely. It might have been more prudent to have kept the facts from him, although they pointed so strongly in his direction, until proof positive was obtained. It might, again, have been better had the facts been put before him with a few words of confidence, even though that confidence did not exist. Time only strengthened Mr Dering's suspicions against the young man. The thing *must* have been done by Checkley or by him. Now, Checkley was not able, if he had wished, to imitate any handwriting. No! It was done by Athelstan. Why he did, what he got by it, seeing that those notes had never been presented, no one could explain. But he did it—he did it. That was certain.

Mr Dering therefore began to read the letter with interest. Its commencement was without any opening words of respect or friendliness. And it was not by any means the letter of a wicked man turning away from his wickedness. Not a word of repentance from beginning to end.

'Four years ago,' Mr Dering read, 'you drove me from your place and changed my whole life, by a suspicion—amounting to a charge—of the gravest kind. You assumed, without explanation or examination, that because certain facts seemed to point in a certain direction, I had been guilty of an enormous crime, that I had robbed my father's oldest friend, my mother's Trustee, my own guardian, my employer, of a great sum of money. You never asked yourself if this suspicion was justified by any conduct of mine—you jumped at it.'

'Quite wrong. Wilfully wrong,' said Mr Dering. 'I laid the facts before him. Nothing but the facts. I brought no charge.'

'I daresay that by this time the criminal has been long since detected. Had I remained, I would have brought the thing home to him. For of course it could be none other than your clerk. I have thought over the case thousands of times. The man who forged the cheque must

have been one of two—either your clerk—the man Checkley—or myself. It did not take you long, I apprehend, to learn the truth. You would discover it through the presentation of the notes.'

'—This is a very crafty letter,' said Mr Dering; 'when he never presented any of the notes. Very crafty.' He resumed the letter.—'Enough said about that. I daresay, however, that I shall some day or other—before you are dead, I hope—return in order to receive some expression of sorrow from you if you can feel shame.'—'Certainly not,' said Mr Dering with decision. —'Meantime, there is a service which I must ask of you for the sake of my people. There is no one else whom I can ask. It is the reason of my writing this letter.'

'I came away with ten pounds—all I had in the world—in my pocket. Not seven hundred and twenty pounds, as you imagined or suspected. Ten pounds. With that slender capital I got across the Atlantic. I have now made twelve thousand pounds. I made it in a very short time by extraordinary good luck.' Mr Dering laid down the letter and considered. Twelve thousand pounds might be made—perhaps—by great good luck—with a start of seven hundred and twenty, but hardly with ten pounds. A silver reef—or more likely a gambling table, or a second crime, or a series of crimes. It will be observed that his opinion of the young man was now very bad indeed: otherwise, he would have reflected that as none of those notes had been presented, none of them had been used. Even if an English ten-pound note is converted into American dollars, the note comes home before ten years. 'Extraordinary good luck.' He read the words again, and shook his head. 'Now, I want you to take charge of this money, to say nothing at all about it, to keep the matter a profound secret, to invest it or put it in some place of safety, where confidential clerks with a taste for forgery cannot get at it, and to give it, on her twenty-first birthday, to my sister Elsie. Do not tell her or anybody from whom the money comes. Do not tell anybody that you have heard from me. When I came away, she was the only one of all my friends and people who declared that she believed in me. I now strip myself of my whole possessions in order to show this mark of my love and gratitude towards her. In sending you this money I go back to the ten pounds with which I started.'

Mr Dering laid the letter down. The words, somehow, seemed to ring true. Could the boy—after all?—He shook his head, and went on. 'You will give Elsie this money on her twenty-first birthday, to be settled on her for herself.'

ATHELSTAN ARUNDEL.'

The letter was dated, but no address was given. The post-mark was Idaho, which, as we all know, belongs to a Western State.

He looked into the envelope. There fell out a paper, which was a draft on a well-known London Firm, payable to his order for twelve thousand and fifty pounds.

'This is very unbusiness-like,' said Mr Dering. 'He puts all this money into my hands, and vanishes. These are the ways he learns in America, I suppose. Puts the money blindly in my hands without giving me the means of com-

municating with him. Then he vanishes. How could he prove that it was a Trust? Well, if I could only think—but I cannot—the circumstantial evidence is too strong—that the boy was innocent—I should be very sorry for him. As for Elsie—she must be eighteen now—about eighteen—she will get this windfall in three years or so. It will be a wonderful lift for her. Perhaps it may make all the difference in her future! If I could only think that the boy was innocent—a clever lad, too—which makes his guilt more probable. But I can't—no—I can't. Either Checkley or that boy—and Checkley couldn't do it. He couldn't if he were to try. What did the boy do it for? And what did he do with the notes?

DREDGING FOR GOLD IN NEW ZEALAND.

At the antipodes one naturally expects to find things turned topsy-turvy. It will not, therefore, be matter of surprise to our readers to learn that in far New Zealand the gold-miner resorts to dredging the river-beds as one means of acquiring the precious metal. The search for gold is pursued in divers ways in the Britain of the South. The shallow patches of auriferous soil—whence the old-time digger with his shovel and 'cradle' was wont to obtain such fabulous results—are gradually becoming worked out. The richer quartz reefs, too, have long since been transformed into bullion by means of batteries and other agencies. Hydraulic and hand-sluicing are gradually stripping even the poorer alluvial drifts, and yielding a golden harvest to the bold speculator, and the more cautious Mongolian who follows in his wake.

Sagacious miners are now turning their attention to the great rivers of the South Island, and more especially of Otago, which have for untold centuries 'rolled down their golden sand' to the Pacific Ocean. The mighty Molyneux (or Clutha) and its tributaries seem destined to be the Pactolus of the far South. For years past, covetous eyes have been turned on their turbid waters, and schemes both daring and original have been devised for extracting the fabulous quantities of the precious metal assumed to be hidden beneath the rocky river-bed. Patient Chinamen working with most primitive appliances have managed to secure good returns from the margin of the streams when the water was low. Time and again, projects have been mooted for diverting the river from its usual channel, and thus laying bare the golden soil beneath. Small 'spoon-dredges' have been for many years used for working the river-bed where the water is shallow and the ground easily worked. But these are mere temporary expedients, and do not serve to 'prospect' the main stream of the deep and rapid Clutha. Within the last year or two, however, a number of larger dredges have been built, and are now working on the Clutha and its feeders—the Kawaren and the Shotover.

A visit to one of those larger dredges is both interesting and instructive. Some months since, the writer visited the Sew Hoy dredge, on the Shotover River. (The Celestial appellation of the dredge in question was given to it on account

of its projector being a speculative Chinaman of that name.) The scene was a peculiar one. Through a deep gully, bordered on either side by vast treeless mountains, meandered a small and muddy river, whose bed of flat shingle must have measured about half a mile in width. The stream itself occupied but a fraction of the old river-bed, and its course was tortuous and uncertain. On the edge of the stream, and towards the lower end of the shingle bed or 'beach,' lay a small steam hopper dredge puffing away busily, and apparently digging out shingle from the beach in front, and carefully replacing the same at its stern, where a heap of 'spoil' was plainly visible. On getting on board the dredge itself, however, it soon appeared that the work was not so objectless as it seemed on first sight. The dredge was moored to the river-banks by long wire cables, which kept the vessel in position, and enabled the buckets to eat their way into the bank of 'wash' in front of them. The ladder of the dredge raised or lowered the chain of buckets as required. As the buckets came up full they tipped their loads into a revolving screen or shoot, which separated the larger stones, &c., and conducted the payable wash-dirt on to a series of sloping sluice-boxes, down which a stream of water kept continually flowing from a pump on board the dredge. The wash-dirt was thus gradually reduced, and the gold then saved in the usual way by means of plates, 'ripples,' and cocoa-nut matting. The dredge is kept going day and night, the men working in three shifts of eight hours each. During the shift we were on board, the engineer was an Englishman, and the deck-hands—who looked after the sluice-boxes and moorings—were Chinamen. The duties of the latter were confined to the gold-saving portion of the process, and they had strict instructions not to interfere with the engines in any way. A young Celestial, however, anxious to display to us ignorant outsiders how easily the great machine was worked, took advantage of the engineer's momentary absence to turn one of the levers used for lowering the bucket-ladder. The result was alarming. The huge machine strained, groaned, creaked loudly once or twice, and finally ceased working. The engine had to be stopped forthwith; and when we left, the engineer was busily engaged trying to get the dredge once more into working order. Our phlegmatic Mongolian friend seemed more amused than alarmed at the unexpected result of his display of engineering skill. Very picturesque he looked in his slouch-hat, blue shirt, and long gum boots, as he waved farewell to us with a long iron rake from the deck of the silent dredge.

There are now about twenty dredges working on the Clutha and its tributaries alone. These are all hopper dredges; but their motive-power is derived from various sources. The earlier dredges built were of the paddle-wheel class, being worked by the strong current against which they hung at their moorings. It was soon found, however, that these 'current-wheel' dredges were unsuitable for all parts of the river except where the rush of water was strong and constant. Steam-power was accordingly called into requisition, and this in time enabled the eddies and side-waters of the mighty Clutha to be thoroughly prospected and worked. In the more remote districts, more-

over, fuel has been found so costly that electric machinery is now being introduced; and one of the claims lately taken up on the Shotover is economically and efficiently worked by a dredge driven by electric force generated from a water-race some miles from the river.

The auriferous sea-beaches of the southern part of Otago and the coast of Westland are also being dredged for gold, but by a different process. For hopper dredges of the ordinary centre-ladder type have been substituted dredges working on the suction principle with a large metal nozzle and powerful pumping gear. Several Welman dredges constructed on this principle are now at work on the beaches referred to with greater or less success. Space will not permit of a detailed description of the working of these Welman dredges. Suffice it to say that in their case, as in that of the river dredges, a very small percentage of gold in the large quantities of stuff put through is required to make the returns highly payable. In this connection it may be mentioned that from one small dredge working on the Clutha River near Roxburgh as many as one hundred and eighty ounces (say seven hundred pounds worth) of the precious metal have been obtained in a single week.

Dredging for gold in New Zealand is still in its infancy. Much yet remains to be done in the way of perfecting its various processes. Rome was not built in a day, nor have the ultimate or ideal methods of gold-dredging and subsequent gold-saving yet been attained to. The fact remains, however, that even with the somewhat crude dredging appliances at present in use, an appreciable increase is being made in the output of gold from the southern portion of the colony of New Zealand.

SUNSTRUCK.*

CHAPTER VII.

AN hour later, the two young men were seated in long lounge-chairs in the dense shade cast by a huge tree. On a table between them lay flowers and luscious fruits; while beneath the table lay blinking at them a huge Cuban blood-hound, as if keeping guard over his master's guests.

The house was hidden by the luxuriant foliage, and the only personage visible in the midst of the calm dreamy silence was Semiramis, the black nurse, who sat on a stool at a little distance, watching them from time to time, to see if her services were needed.

The silence was at last broken by Manton, who had been lying back with his eyes half closed, and who now said softly: 'Thank God!—Will, lad, I never thoroughly knew the delight of existence till now. Yes: we shall soon grow strong again.'

'Amen to it all, Jack,' replied Burns. 'I'm pounds better already.'

They relapsed into silence once more, and then Burns spoke, after drawing in a long deep breath: 'It's heavenly!'

Then he took a glass from the table, drank, and set it back.

'Have a drink, Jack.'

Manton slowly raised his glass and drank, gazing at the dog the while.

'Jack. What a brute of a dog.'

'Yes. Kept to hunt the runaways, I suppose.'

'How long have we been out here?'

'I don't know: about a couple of hours, I suppose; but time seems to have dropped away, and it is all delicious repose. That fevered agony seems something which never existed.'

'But it did. Two hours, eh?—I say.'

'Yes.'

'I'm nearly well; and as soon as you can start we shall have to go.'

'Go? Oh no. Captain Greville said we were to stay until the ship came back.'

'Yes, lad, he said so to me too; but we must be off almost at once.'

'Go?' said Manton so excitedly that the black woman started up.

'Massah want 'Miramis?'

'No, no, my good woman, no,' said Manton, with the impatience of an invalid.—'Now, then, why must we be off at once?'

'Because, lad, the captain told me this morning that he was glad to have a couple of honourable English gentlemen beneath his roof.'

'Well,' panted Manton, with a faint colour coming into his cheeks.

'No: it's ill, lad. I can't answer for you, though I may suspect; but as far as I am concerned, he has not got an honourable English gentleman beneath his roof.'

'Will!'

'But a thorough-paced scoundrel instead.'

'You are speaking in riddles,' said Manton hoarsely.

'Then I'll speak plain English. Look here, Jack: we have been thrown into the society of two sweet innocent girls who have led the most secluded of lives; and if there is such a thing as love, that's the disease I've taken badly. It's contagious, I believe, and if I give that complaint to one in whose company I am hospitably allowed to be, I shall have been the scoundrel I say.'

Manton drew a long deep breath.

'I think you are as bad as I am, my lad, from what I have seen; and if I am right, there can be only trouble. So we had better go while our shoes are good.'

'Yes,' said Manton excitedly, 'trouble. Two men who have always been like brothers growing ready to spring at each other's throats, while they are taking advantage of their host's kindness by bringing misery upon his home.'

'Sounds vain, doesn't it, to say so much?'

'It might in some cases, Will,' responded Manton, 'but I think not here. They are not accustomed to the ways of the world. Yes; we must go, and the sooner the better, I suppose.—Yes?—What is it, 'Miramis?'

'De young missie say may dey come and sit an' talk to de gemmen lil bit?'

'Yes,' said Manton eagerly.—'No. Our compliments, and we are still too weak and ill.'

'S, massah,' said the nurse, and she moved off.

'Jack, you brute,' said Burns, in a low angry voice, 'how could you have the heart to send such a message as that!'

'I want to be an honourable gentleman if I

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can,' said Manton coldly. 'The ladies are indeed unused to the ways of the world.'

'No need to insult them if they are,' said Burns bitterly. 'Seems to me that the feud has begun.'

That evening Renée grew thoughtful and strange, and found herself furtively watching Josephine, blushing each time she realised that she was guilty of what she told herself was a meanness.

There was a change, too, in Josephine, who was singing about the house in a wild excited manner; but so sure as she caught Renée's eyes fixed upon her, her own contracted, the lines between the eyebrows grew more deeply marked while she returned a defiant angry stare, that brought the tears to Renée's lids, and made her turn away with a sigh so as to be alone and think.

Josephine sat at her window with her head resting upon her hand. One by one the lights had been extinguished about the house, till one only remained—that in Captain Greville's room, where he sat reading for a time before going to bed.

At last the light was extinguished in the captain's room; and as soon as all was dark there, the girl's hand dropped upon the sill, and she reached out a little, peering into the darkness, where little points of light glided here and there over the transparent purple of the shadowy night.

'My bootiful,' said a soft thick voice directly after in a whisper just beneath where the girl leaned out.

'Oh 'Miramis,' cried Josephine, in an eager whisper, 'I thought you would not come.'

'Den missie shouldn' tink such ting. Well, didn' 'Miramis say she make de hahnsum buckra officer quite well?'

'Yes, 'Miramis.'

'And um make lub to missie?'

'Yes—no—not much.'

'Ah? Wait lil bit, Missie Josee, and he lub her much as she like.'

'But sometimes I think he might love Renée instead,' said the girl faintly.

'Oh no,' said the woman with a low chuckle. 'He going lub Missie Josee. 'Miramis make lub-charm, and Missie Josee hab de lubber she like moce. Where Missie Josee hahn? Dat's um—now touch. What dat you touch?'

'Your necklace of bright-coloured seeds,' said the girl.

'Yes, missie. Ebery one got a charm in um—make young man tink 'bout de lady who want um. Missie Josee want um buckra Massah Manton marry her. He got to marry her—dat's all.'

'But suppose he doesn't care for me, 'Miramis.'

'Yes.—What suppose?'

'He were to love Renée instead,' whispered the girl, almost inaudibly.

'What? No: he goin' lub my lil darlin' Missie Josee, who always lub 'Miramis. She gib him ting make um grow strong an' well, all o' purpose for Missie. Massa Captain tink he go cure de hahnsum sailor, but it all 'Miramis' doing. Whah Missie Josee's hahn?'

The girl leaned out again into the darkness, and there was a loud rustling and a sharp ejaculation.

'What's the matter?' whispered Josephine.

'Miramis slip an moce tumble down out ob de tree. Dah, kissie, kissie, kissie lubly hahn. Juss like Missie Josee moder's hahn. Good-night, darlin'! She shall hab de hahnsum buckra officer.—Good-night.'

Josephine let herself sink down upon the matting-covered floor and rested her burning face in her hands to think of John Manton and her newly-awakened love; while in her room on the other side of the passage, Renée was also awake, too unhappy to sleep, for the home which had once been so happy seemed now to be clouded over with trouble, and the future began to look very blank.

CHAPTER VIII.

'Nonsense, my lads. I stand to you both in the position of your captain, and I am answerable to him for the state in which he will find you when he returns.'

'Yes, Captain Greville,' said Manton, who acted as spokesman, one evening as they sat together after dinner, with the moths whirling round the shaded lamps, and the fireflies playing about like sparks over the bushes in the garden near the open window; 'but we have been here nearly a month; and Burns and I think that we ought not to trespass on your kindness any longer.'

'Humph!' said Greville. 'What do you think of doing, then?—putting to sea in an open boat?'

'Oh no, sir,' interposed Burns; 'it must be a month before the ship returns, perhaps two, and we have set our minds on making an exploring expedition through the island.'

'Rubbish!' said the captain tartly. '—Now, gentlemen, speaking as your host, I say I shall not let you go; and then as your medical man, I say it would be madness. Why, my good fellows, you are both as weak as ever you can be, and no more fit to go cutting your way through those forests than to fly. You would both be down with fever at the end of a couple of days. You must hug the shore, and hug it here in my garden. There is the boat.'

'Yes, Captain Greville, you are very good, and we are most grateful,' said Manton.

'Show it then, sir, by doing me justice when Captain Lance comes back.'

'But really, sir'—said Burns.

'There—there—there—my dear boys; light your cigars, and we'll have coffee.—What! you will not smoke? Very well: let's get into the drawing-room and have some music. Renée's harp has been almost silent since you two have been here; but the noise will do you good now.'

The young men glanced at each other as the captain rose.

He threw aside a thin drapery, and held it while the young men passed through into the drawing-room, where, dimly seen by the light of the shaded lamp, Renée and Josephine were seated some distance apart, the one reading, the other with work in her hand, which she hastily went on with as the gentlemen entered.

'Come, girls,' cried Greville. 'Your turn now to entertain. I'm going to smoke my cigar outside. Let's have a little music.—Sing me my old favourite, Josee.'

He stopped by the door while Renée crossed to the harp standing in one corner, and Josephine went to a canterbury and drew out a music-book. Then there was a little tuning; and both young men stood watching the round white arms, the one with its fingers busy among the strings, the other straining at the harp wrest.

This preparation finished, Renée played a short prelude; and Josephine's rich full voice rose and filled the room, thrilling her hearers as she sang with wonderful force and passion one of the fine old Irish ballads, full of love and promise of faith to the very end. And as she sang, her eyes were for a time half closed, the lids veiling their lustre till near the end, when she raised them and fixed them full upon Mantón, who was watching and listening intently.

Burns saw the look pass between them, and his brow contracted as he noted that Mantón seemed fascinated by the glowing eyes fixed upon his. Then he turned away, and saw that Renée's hands still rested on the harp, to whose silent strings her fingers seemed to cling, while her head drooped, and he could read misery and despair in every lineament of his face.

'Poor girl!' said Burns bitterly to himself as he crossed to her side and offered a chair.

'You are tired, Miss Greville,' he said.

'Tired? Oh no,' she replied gently.

'Well,' cried the captain from outside, 'what next? That's very good, but I want more.'

'Yes, you will sing again, Miss Maine?' said Mantón, as the girl looked up at him with a timid appealing look, full of tenderness, one which plainly enough said: 'Shall I?'

'And you will play the accompaniment again, Miss Greville?' continued Mantón, advancing towards the harpist.

Renée bowed her head and avoided his glance, turning to the music and selecting the ballad she knew from old habit her companion would prefer.

Mantón drew back as he saw how plainly Renée avoided him. Burns stood leaning against the back of a chair, watching the little comedy being played; and directly after the chords of the harp vibrated through the room, Josephine took up the strain, and Mantón listened from the couch, with his head resting upon his hand, seeing Burns advance to turn over the music on the stand of the harpist, and then involuntarily letting his eyes seek those of Josephine, who was singing, so it seemed, only to him, the words of the song sounding like the outpourings of her own heart.

He gazed at her once more, as if fascinated, listening, drinking in the music—the blending of voice and harp, which sounded so dreamy and delightful in his weak state, that his eyes grew dim, and the passionate look of the beautiful girl was robbed of half its power.

'Done?' came the voice of him who filled his thoughts. 'Then come out here, you young people. It is delicious. The moon is just rising.'

They all went out slowly in obedience to the captain's words, and Renée shrank back, to leave the room last with Burns; while Josephine, after throwing a light scarf about her head and neck, placed her hand upon Mantón's arm.

'Ah, that's better,' said the captain as they

approached the spot where he was leaning back in a cane-seat. 'The most delicious night we have had for months. What a relief these times are after our hot days. But we must be careful.'

That night, after the captain and the two young men had retired to their rooms, there was an eager conversation going on beneath Josephine's window, where she was leaning out; while Renée had sought her room to throw herself upon her bed, weeping silently in the misery of spirit which had come upon her.

'Is that you, 'Miramis?' whispered Josephine as she reached out and peered down to gaze into the darkness.

'Yes, Missie Josee.'

'Miramis! Come closer—closer still, so that I can whisper.'

'Dah, missie, you reach down. You touch my ear an' speak right in um. You got somefin' good to say?'

'Yes,' panted the girl excitedly. 'He loves me, 'Miramis—he loves me!'

'Course. 'Miramis always tell Missie Josee so. She nurse and save de hahnsun officer buckra, Massa Mantón, for Missie Josee. Missie Josee gib 'Miramis gold brooch now, and yaller hank-chiff.'

'Yes—yes—yes!' cried Josephine excitedly. 'Now go. I want to shut my window and think.'

'When Missie Josee gib 'Miramis de brooch?'

'To-morrow.'

'An' de yaller hankchiff?'

'As soon as I can buy one.—Good-night—good-night.'

She drew back and closed the window, to take her right hand in her left and hold it to her lips as she stood in the half-light, the broad yellow moon sending its rays through the lattice panes and casting her shadow upon the wall.

'It was here he held it,' she whispered softly; 'and there—and there—and there.'

At each word she kissed her hand, her full red lips curling as she stood there afterwards smiling at her happy thoughts; and that smile was upon her lips as she lay down that night and slept.

CHAPTER IX.

How did it happen? Who can tell? How does it always happen that two who love are drawn together. Nature's magnetism must be to blame.

Days had passed since the night when Mantón had listened to the singing, and an afternoon had come when he and his friend were in their old place down the garden.

Burns had dropped asleep after they had sat together for some time in silence, for a coolness had sprung up between the young men, one which a few words on either side spoken openly would have cleared away; but those words were not uttered, and the coolness threatened to be the beginning of a feud.

Weary of much sitting, Mantón left his chair, and began to stroll down the garden toward where he could hear the voices of the black labourers in the plantation.

'Perhaps the captain's with them,' he thought, 'and I must see him alone and speak out frankly, for my position seems to be intolerable.'

He went on, and passed out of the garden to the beaten track which led through a patch of the primeval forest toward the negroes' cottages. The path was very secluded and winding, dark almost in the deep shade cast by the huge trees which the captain had religiously preserved for their grandeur; and Manton was slowly and dreamily wandering on, thinking out what he should say, when his heart suddenly began to beat rapidly, the blood flushed to his temples, and he stopped short to watch the slight graceful figure in white coming slowly toward him, her hat in one hand, a basket in the other, suggesting that she had been out upon some mission to the negroes' village. Her head was bent; and as Manton gazed eagerly at the beautiful face before him, he could see that it was troubled, for the tears were stealing down her cheeks.

For a moment he felt that his presence was an intrusion upon her sorrow; and he was about to hurry away; but his feet seemed nailed to the spot, and he stood firm till she was close up and became aware of his presence, starting violently, flushing up, and then turning deadly pale.

'Mr Manton!'

'Miss Greville—Renée,' he exclaimed hoarsely; and, carried away by the emotion within him, he caught her hands and held them firmly in spite of the violent efforts she made to snatch them away.

'Mr Manton!' she exclaimed, now flushing once more, and her eyes meeting his full of indignant fire—'loose my hands. What does this mean?'

'What I had hoped you saw and believed,' he cried in a low passionate voice: 'what I have tried hard to hide; what I have fought against all through these weary weeks of anxiety.—Renée, listen to me. Forgive me, if it is dishonourable to speak as I do, but the words will out now.—No, no—don't repulse me like this. The thought of you almost brought me back to life, for I love you—I love you as dearly as ever man could love.'

She looked at him wildly for a few moments, and then snatched her hands away.

'It is an insult!' she cried angrily.

'To offer the love of an honest man!' he said in a tone full of bitter reproach. 'Is this the gentle girl whose image I set up in my breast to worship! No, no—don't leave me like this, Renée. I am not worthy of you, but believe me all I say is true.'

She seemed to grow before him in her indignation, and for a few moments stood gazing at him with a look of withering contempt.

'Is this the gentleman to whom my father has done nothing but good—to whom we offered a kindly welcome in his time of need?'

'Miss Greville,' he cried excitedly, 'what have I said that you should turn upon me like this!'

'Returned evil for good. Given us deceit when we looked for frank manliness.'

'Renée, you are too cruel!' he cried.

'Cruel? How could I be harsh enough to the man who, after trifling and leading on one whom I look upon as a sister, dares to offer me what he calls his love?'

'I—trifle—lead on Josephine?' he cried indignantly. 'Never, so help me Heaven!'

She gazed at his flushed indignant face wildly, as he went on angrily now.

'Who dares say that? Oh, this is too much! Miss Greville—Renée—what have I ever said and done that you should think me so contemptible a cur?'

'Mr Manton!' she cried, with her voice trembling now, and her eyes gazed searchingly into his, 'I thought—my sister thought!'

'So little of me that you both supposed I would insult you and betray your father's confidence in so contemptible a way.'

'But Josephine—'

'Well,' he said coldly, 'Josephine?—'

'She thinks that!—'

'That I love her,' he cried bitterly. 'Surely she could not think this. I have never by word or look given her cause. I have never thought of her in connection with love. There is some terrible mistake. Miss Greville, Renée, you misjudge me, on my soul.'

'Is—is this the truth?' she faltered, her voice growing hoarse and agitated.

'Look at me and ask me that question again,' he said, catching her hand. 'Renée, from the first day I saw you, when weak almost unto death, you seemed to be the angel of hope beckoning me back to life. Indeed, indeed, it is true; and I have never given your sister more than a passing thought.—Don't withdraw your hand. Tell me you believe me. You cannot think I could be so base.'

'What can I think?' she faltered. 'Josephine believes so firmly that!—'

She did not finish her sentence, for, as she spoke, he could read in her eyes that she had perfect faith now in all he said. Her sweet countenance had softened, and was irradiated now by a joy she could not hide; and as he drew her toward him, he felt that she was yielding softly, and that the misunderstanding was at an end, when all at once her face grew set, with a look of horror and dread. She shrank from him; and with a feeling of anger and shame that they should have been surprised, he turned round quickly to face Captain Greville, and ask pardon for suffering love to master duty toward his host.

But he was wrong. The captain was not standing behind him in the path, but Josephine, with her dark eyes dilated, her creamy cheeks flushed with scarlet, her head thrown back, and her lips parted in a smile which showed her white teeth.

'I am so sorry,' she said with a mocking laugh; and her voice had a metallic ring. 'I did not know you two were lovers. Shall I go away?'

'No,' said Manton, recovering himself, and holding out his hand as he met the girl's flashing eyes. 'Stay with us. Josephine—sister—I love Renée very dearly. You love her dearly too. Give me your hand.'

She fixed her eyes on his in a cruel vindictive stare, made no answer, but stood motionless for some moments before turning quickly and hurrying away.

Manton stood frowning for a few moments.

'Come,' he said, taking Renée's hand; 'there must be no further misunderstanding. Tell me, though: you believe me now?'

She could not answer; but he was satisfied with the look of faith and trust that beamed from her eyes; and they walked slowly back together

till they reached the garden, where Burns still lay back asleep. They stopped near him, and Manton felt a strange fresh dread arise within him as he asked himself whether he was to find an enemy in the sleeping man.

'I cannot help it,' he said half aloud. 'If he loves you too, what wonder? Renée, tell me all. Has Will here ever told you that he loved you?'

'Mr Burns?' she whispered eagerly. 'Oh no. Could you not see? He loves poor Josee, I am sure, and I always thought he was jealous of you.'

'He—Josephine,' cried Manton excitedly. 'Then it was about her! How blind I have been.—Here, Will: wake up!' And he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder.

Burns started up, to look wildly from one to the other.

'Congratulate me, old fellow,' cried Manton, taking Renée's hand as she stood flushed and tearful beside him. 'You and I have been playing at cross-purposes. Renée here has made me the happiest man under the sun.'

'Jack!' cried Burns wildly. 'I thought—I thought— He stopped, looking deadly pale, and then flushing in his excitement.

'Yes; I know now what you thought. But it was all a mistake, lad. Renée'—

'Is my child, sir,' said a stern voice, 'and you are my guest, whom I trusted as a man of honour. I think some explanation is first due to me.'

It was given after dinner.

MEMORY IN ANIMALS.

ARROGATING the title of 'lord of creation,' man has been loth to recognise the claim of the lower animals to a mental status approaching that of himself. But the many objections formerly raised against this claim, objections mainly dictated by human vanity and unreasoning prejudice, have long been disposed of as baseless assumptions. Darwin, Lubbock, Lindsay, Romanes, and many others, have given ample proof that there is no fundamental difference in the mental faculties of man and the lower animals, the difference being simply one of degree and not of kind.

The possession of Memory by Animals forms one of the most important and interesting chapters in comparative psychology, and is one of the many facts establishing the claim of the lower animals to a common intelligence with ourselves. That animals profit by past experience is shown by the fact that they have retentive memories for, or vivid recollections of, past events, as well as of persons, places, and things. Darwin relates the case of a baboon at the Cape of Good Hope recognising with joy its owner who had been absent for nine months. In his *Descent of Man*, the great naturalist gives the following particulars of his own dog: 'I had a dog who was savage and averse to all strangers, and I purposely tried his memory after an absence of five years and two days. I went near the stable in which he lived, and shouted to him in my old manner: he showed no joy, but instantly followed me out walking, and obeyed me, exactly as if I had parted with him only half an hour before. A train of old associations, dormant during five years, had thus been instantaneously awakened in his mind.'

Professor Romanes cites the case of a dog remembering a certain sound after an interval of three years. 'I had a setter in the country, which one year I took up with me to town for a few months. While in town he was never allowed to go out without a collar, on which was engraved my address. A ring upon this collar made a clinking sound, and the setter soon learned to associate the approach of this sound with the prospect of a walk. Three years afterwards I again took this setter up to town. He remembered every nook and corner of my house in town, and also his way about the streets; and the first time I brought his collar, slightly clinking as before, he showed by his demonstrations of joy that he well remembered the sound with all its old associations, although he had not heard this sound for three years.'

Sir Andrew Smith once witnessed the following, and related the story to Darwin: 'At the Cape of Good Hope an officer had often plagued a certain baboon; and the animal seeing him approaching one Sunday for parade, poured water into a hole and hastily made some thick mud, which he skilfully dashed over the officer as he passed by, to the amusement of many bystanders. For long afterwards the baboon rejoiced and triumphed whenever he saw his victim.'

Professor Romanes, for the purpose of obtaining material at first hand, obtained the loan of a monkey from the collection of the Zoological Society. From the first the monkey took a violently passionate attachment to him, and after keeping it for about three months, he returned it to the Zoological Gardens; and up to the time of the monkey's death it remembered him as well as the first day it was sent back. The following is Mr Romanes' statement in regard to the memory of this monkey:

'I visited the monkey-house about once a month, and whenever I approached his cage he saw me with astonishing quickness—indeed, generally before I saw him—and ran to the bars, through which he thrust both hands with every expression of joy. He did not, however, scream aloud; his mind seemed too much occupied by the cares of monkey society to admit of a vacancy large enough for such very intense emotion as he used to experience in the calmer life that he lived before. Being much struck with the extreme rapidity of his discernment whenever I approached the cage, however many other persons might be standing around, I purposely visited the monkey-house on Easter Monday, in order to see whether he would pick me out of the solid mass of people who fill the place on that day. Although I could only obtain a place three or four rows back from the cage, and although I made no sound wherewith to attract his attention, he saw me almost immediately, and with a sudden intelligent look of recognition ran across the cage to greet me. When I went away, he followed me, as he always did, to the extreme end of his cage, and stood there watching my departure as long as I remained in sight.'

There are many well-authenticated facts showing that the elephant has an exceedingly tenacious memory. Pliny wrote of this animal that in old age it could recognise men who were its drivers when young; and this is rendered highly

credible by the following instances, quoted by Mr Romanes, which came under the personal notice of Mr Corse. 'He saw an elephant which was carrying baggage take fright at the smell of a tiger, and run off. Eighteen months afterwards this elephant was recognised by its keepers among a herd of wild companions which had been captured and were confined in an enclosure. But when any one approached the animal he struck out with his trunk and seemed as fierce as any of the wild herd. An old hunter then mounted a tame elephant, went up to the feral one, seized his ear and ordered him to lie down. Immediately the force of old associations broke through all opposition; the word of command was obeyed, and the elephant while lying down gave a certain peculiar squeak which he had been known to utter in former days. The same author gives another and more interesting account of an elephant which, after having been for only two years tamed, ran wild for fifteen years, and on being then recaptured, remembered in all details the words of command.'

The memory of the horse is most marked. There are well-authenticated anecdotes in abundance showing that horses have spontaneously visited blacksmiths' shops when they required shoeing or when their shoes were uncomfortable. The horse's memory of roads and places is well known, and the following letter from the Rev. Rowland H. Wedgwood to Darwin is a good instance of this: 'I want to tell you of an instance of long memory in a horse. I have just driven my pony down from London here, and though she has not been here for eight years, she remembered her way quite well, and made a bolt for the stables where I used to keep her.'

The memory and keen observation exhibited by a horse belonging to Mr Romanes is both instructive and amusing. 'I myself had a horse which was very clever at slipping his halter after he knew that the coachman was in bed. He would then draw out the two sticks in the pipe of the oat-bin so as to let all the oats run down from the bin above upon the stable floor. Of course he must have observed that this was the manner in which the coachman obtained the oats, and desiring to obtain them, did what he had observed to be required. Similarly, on other occasions he used to turn the water-tap to obtain a drink, and pull the window cord to open the window on hot nights.'

The instances given of animals under the influence of alcohol form appropriate anecdotes at temperance lectures. Dr Lauder Lindsay relates that a dog, once drunk, ever afterwards refused the same kind of intoxicating liquor—beer. Its recollection of the disagreeable effects of drinking it even caused it to growl at the sight of a beer-pot. And Darwin relates how an American monkey after getting drunk on brandy would never touch it again; and thus, adds the great naturalist, was wiser than many men.

The parrot, too, possesses a strong memory. 'The bird,' says Dr Lindsay, 'not unfrequently takes a prominent and certainly intelligent part in the private worship of its master's household. Such parrots, for instance, make responses at the proper time—an exercise that implies a good deal more than mere memory, mere attention to the service. The behaviour, nay, the very speech,

the remarks and conversation of the bird, are suitable to place, time, and other circumstances. Thus, a certain English bishop's parrot is (or was) in the habit of saying—sometimes quite devoutly and with becoming solemnity, at other times sarcastically or ironically, but in either case at proper seasons and appropriately to the circumstances—"Let us pray." Of another we are told that it could sing in correct time and measure "There is a happy land."

The memory of bees is typical of most common insects. The following example, given by Huber, of its duration in bees is but one of a hundred, as readers of Sir John Lubbock's interesting experiments know. One autumn, Huber placed some honey in a window, which was visited by bees in large numbers. The honey was removed in the winter, and the shutters put up. When the shutters were taken down in the following spring, the honey was not replaced in the window, yet the bees, after an absence of many months, returned with the ostensible purpose of obtaining honey.

We cannot better conclude than by a reference to the memory of the ant. The remarkable intelligence of this little animal has excited the wonder and admiration of mankind. Darwin remarked that its brain 'is one of the most marvellous atoms of matter in the world, perhaps more so than the brain of man.'

To test the power of memory in the ant, Sir John Lubbock first tried keeping an ant away from its nest for more than a year and then restoring it. He found it was immediately recognised and caressed by its old friends and associates. He repeated this experiment a number of times, and with the same result. In order to deceive the ants in the nest, a foreigner was introduced in place of the one taken away; but the ants immediately detected the deception, and severely maltreated the intruder.

On the duration of memory in ants we have the following observation of Mr Belt, quoted by Mr Romanes: In June 1859 Mr Belt's garden was invaded by leaf-cutting ants. He found their nest about a hundred yards distant from his garden, and poured down their burrows a pint of common brown carbolic acid mixed with four buckets of water. 'The marauding parties were at once drawn off from the garden to meet the danger at home, and the whole formicarium was disorganised, the ants running up and down again in the utmost perplexity.' Next day Mr Belt found them busily employed bringing up the ant-food from the old burrows, and carrying it to newly-formed ones a few yards distant. These, however, turned out to be only intended as temporary repositories; for in a few days both the old and the new burrows were entirely deserted, so that Mr Belt supposed all the ants to have died. Subsequently, however, he found that they had migrated to a new site, about two hundred yards from the old one, and there established themselves in a new nest. Twelve months later the animals again invaded his garden, and again he treated them to a strong dose of carbolic acid. The ants, as on the previous occasion, were at once withdrawn from the garden; and two days afterwards he found 'all the survivors at work on one track that led directly to the old nest of the year before, where they were busily em-

played in making fresh excavations. Many were bringing along pieces of ant-food from the nest most recently deluged with carbolic acid to that which had been similarly deluged a year before, and from which all the carbolic acid had long ago disappeared. 'Others carried the undeveloped white pupæ and larvæ. It was a wholesale and entire migration; and the next day the nest down which he had poured the carbolic acid was entirely deserted. Mr Belt adds: 'I afterwards found that when much disturbed, and many of the ants destroyed, the survivors migrate to a new locality. I do not doubt that some of the leading minds in this formicarium recollected the nest of the year before and directed the migration to it.'

On the duration of memory in ants, Mr Romanes further quotes from a statement of Karl Vogt 'that for several successive years ants from a certain nest used to go through certain inhabited streets to a chemist's shop six hundred metres distant in order to obtain access to a vessel filled with syrup. As it cannot be supposed that this vessel was found in successive working seasons by as many successive accidents, it can only be concluded that the ants remembered the syrup store from season to season.'

THE PROFESSOR'S SKELETON.

THE Professor was a good man, a man of unimpeachable character and reputation—a man who had never been known to make a mistake, and also a man who was thoroughly aware of the fact. So much for himself. For his abilities—he knew his work, and how to do it; he likewise knew a good deal about other people's work, and, as far as he conveniently could, insisted upon its being done too. Without going into details, it will readily be understood that, though undoubtedly a useful man in his day and generation, the Professor was by no means a popular one; and it was over one of his latest interdicts that his wife and his step-daughter were conferring one rainy morning in the solitude of the best parlour.

'It is of no use whatever, my dear; he will not even discuss the question. I am very sorry for you; but I don't see any help for it.'

'You give way to him a great deal too much, mother. If he had one shadow of common-sense on his side, it would be another story. It's too late now to pass things over in that high-handed fashion.'

Mary Andrews spoke with some heat. Had she not good cause? Her first lover, unexceptionable in all respects, had appeared upon the scene; and without rhyme or reason, the Professor had put down his foot and refused to countenance any such proceeding.

'Why? why? In my day, young people did not presume to question the why and wherefore of their guardian's conduct; it ought to be sufficient for you that I have good reasons of my own, Mary,' he had told her when she tried to argue the matter.

'But it's not sufficient,' returned Mary. 'I'm too old to be treated that way, papa. If you have anything against him, you must tell me straight and plain.'

'Well, for one thing,' began the Professor, fairly driven to bay—'for one thing, his manner is objectionable. I dislike that light jesting style exceedingly. I believe him to be incorrigibly careless and superficial; and I do not speak without observation. Then he is wanting in the commonest courtesy of a gentleman; I caught him only the other day with a grossly caricatured representation of myself on his desk. You may think these trivial matters, my dear; but straws show the way the wind blows.'

The Professor had been edging towards the door as he spoke; with the last word, he vanished from the room. With all his learning, he was not altogether above such devices; and Mary quite understood that, and made up her mind to resume the discussion the very first opportunity: not so was the Professor to dispose of her views and feelings, whatever he might do with her mother's.

Discretion is said to be the better part of valour. Dr Dow did not appear again that day. Where or how he spent the time was a matter best known to himself; but for many days afterwards it was impossible to secure the smallest chance of an interview with him. Mary met her lover on the Park road one afternoon, and owned, with mingled wrath and irritation, that affairs were still as before. She had been able to accomplish nothing in the way of bringing the Professor to a more satisfactory state of mind.

'I am sorry to say it of any one connected with you, Mary,' remarked the young man gravely; 'but there is a good deal of stubbornness in your respected step-father's composition; he will neither be led nor driven. Shall we throw him overboard, and do without his kind permission?'

Mary shook her head despondently. 'We can't do that, John; it means mother too; besides, he has a kindly nature underneath.'

'Then he has a most unpleasant way of showing it on the surface,' was the rejoinder. 'I suppose you go off to your country quarters next week, and it will be rank heresy for me to show my face within twenty miles of the place. By the time you come back, it's hard to say what may have happened.'

'I may even have married into the band of professors myself,' said Mary demurely, 'and have an infallible guide of my own.'

'I'll qualify him for three months in hospital the first time I come across him,' was Mr Grierson's reply.

'Seriously, John, we can't very well help ourselves. You can write as often as you like; and the first chance I have of a solemn square up with the Professor, be sure I'll take it. But for that unlucky caricature, there might have been no trouble of any kind. Why did you risk it?'

'It was impossible to help it, Mary. If only you had seen him chasing round with that famous umbrella after some imaginary miscreant who had tampered with his papers—it was too good to be lost—not that I have not been sorry enough about it since,' he added in a graver tone.

It could not be undone now, and the pair had just to make the best of the position. For the next few days Dr Dow kept his household in a perfect whirlwind of preparation that effectually shut out all hope of private debate. On Sunday he raked up some acquaintance at the other side of the town, and spent the whole day there; and on Monday morning, provokingly triumphant, he stood on the front steps surveying the train of cabs waiting to convey his family and their belongings to the station, and keeping a vigilant outlook for possible shortcomings.

'Mary, my dear, if you would have some little regard for neatness. I never in my life saw such a disreputable portmanteau. What was your mother thinking of to allow it to go? Unless I look after everything myself'—

'Richard, did you notice if that roll of rugs was carried out?' interrupted Mrs Dow from behind.

'It was, my dear, and put into the second cab. I never yet met with a woman who knew where the wraps went, or if there were any at all. It takes a man'—

Mrs Dow did not wait to hear the rest, had probably heard it before. She went back into the dining-room, where a further consignment of packages was stacked upon the table, and began to strap up an overflowing bag.

'Now, mother,' said Mary warningly, 'that is not work for your fingers. Where is papa, that he can't?'—

'Hush! He's counting up the boxes. You know it takes a man'—

'Oh yes; I know all about that,' laughed Mary, finishing the refractory straps herself. 'Now, mother, we will just go and put ourselves into the first cab, and leave the "man" to wind up any way that pleases him.'

She swept her mother out of the chaos, past the energetic Professor—who was expounding the first principles of leverage to a sulky porter—into the roomiest cab, whence they looked out at the rest of the performance with rather malicious satisfaction on Mary's part.

It came to an end at last. The Professor, with his hands under his coat-tails, looking not at all unlike a dignified bantam cock, strutted round the various rooms, turned the key in the front door with his own hand, and descended the steps. One foot in the cab, he paused and looked searchingly at his wife. 'Isabella, where was my study coat packed?'—

'Oh dear,' cried Mrs Dow, stricken into dire confusion and consternation; 'I do believe it hasn't been packed at all; it's hanging up in that dark closet behind your study.'

'I knew it!' ejaculated her husband. The coat in question was a baggy venerable garment, of a nondescript greenish hue, but dear beyond price to the heart of its owner. The holiday would have been no holiday without it, and the whole establishment knew that very well; hence the Professor felt that here was solid ground for

a grievance at last. He waved the cabman aside and went back into the house.

'Take care of the matches, dear,' his wife cried after him.

Dr Dow stalked majestically in without vouchsafing a backward glance; he passed the dining-room door, his study door, and turned up a dim narrow passage; the closet door was at the end, a big dark cavern, that served as a general receptacle for lumber, and all the odds and ends of the household. The Professor tumbled over two trunks, and knocked his hat off against some sharp projection, before it occurred to him to dive into his coat-tail pocket for a match. Then he discovered that the unfriendly projection had been the gas bracket, and that the shock had knocked off the burner. No matter; it was only one more annoyance. He lighted the burnerless pipe and proceeded to look for his coat. There it was, not even decently hung up—just thrust out of sight and mind behind an empty crate. The Professor carried it out into the lobby and sorrowfully viewed the creases by the light of day.

'Papa!'—it was Mary's voice at the front door in a tone of indignant expostulation—'do you know we have only fifteen minutes left to get to the station? It's no use going at all if you don't come now—this minute?'—

Dr Dow gathered up the maltreated coat under his arm. His papers, his umbrella—where were they? What way was this for a man to set off to his well-earned rest? In a fever of justifiable impatience at the utter unreasonableness of all things animate and inanimate on this particular morning, the Professor turned and locked the closet door—which had swung to of its own accord—and rushed once more into the street.

That was the last of the day's minor worries; nothing else went wrong. They did not miss the train or lose their luggage. The rescued coat was tenderly brushed, and folded up in the rack above. The sun shone out over brownish fields and purpling heather; the anxious lines faded out of Mrs Dow's face; she moved up a little closer to her troublesome husband, and both looked as contented as though their days went by in one unbroken round of peace and concord. They meant to enjoy their holiday-time.

For the pair who were separated there was always one grand resource—the post. Mary wrote endless letters to her young lover; and neither of them appeared to be absolutely steeped in misery and despair, whatever they might choose to say on that head, and though that solemn 'squaring up' had come, and gone, and been of none effect.

'It is entirely for your own good, my dear,' said the learned man, looking at her quite pathetically. He had held his ground through all her arguments and entreaties. 'If I believed the young man to be worthy of you, no one would welcome him into the family more joyfully; but I have been unable—utterly unable to discover one redeeming point about him; and I should be failing, most miserably failing in my duty to you if, for the sake of present peace, I allowed you to sacrifice your future. Do not speak to me any more on this matter, my dear, I beg of you.'

Of course all this was faithfully reported to John, who as faithfully promised by return, to

do any doughty deed that might present itself in the rather limited round of daily existence. 'If he would hurl himself into the sea, I would be only too pleased to fish him out again; or if he wants a contribution to any pet charity, he has but to hint as much. I am ready to thrash any rival Professor within an inch of his life for him; but I must say it is a trifle hard on us both his sticking out in this fashion, when there's not the least likelihood of anything of the kind.'

Some days after the exodus from town, it chanced that the Professor had occasion to go back to attend a committee meeting. He was to return that same night. Nevertheless, Mrs Dow and Mary escorted him to the tiny railway station and surrounded him with little attentions, as if it were to be a lengthy parting; a state of things that the Professor thoroughly appreciated. He looked down upon them from the window of the railway carriage with quite a benignant expression.

'Richard, dear,' observed his wife, emboldened by it to a parting petition, 'the evenings are a little chilly; would you mind calling at the house and bringing my fur cloak back with you? It's hanging up in that dark closet.'

'Certainly, my dear,' he answered. 'You may depend upon me, though you would have left my coat in that same closet.'

Dr Dow reached town very comfortably, attended his meeting, and, after lunch, proceeded leisurely in the direction of his own house. Not very far from it, he unexpectedly and rather unwillingly came upon John Grierson. The young man was turning a corner sharply, and the pair almost came into collision. There was no loophole for pretending they had not observed each other; Mr Grierson at anyrate wanted no loophole; it was a chance not to be lightly lost.

'Ah, Dr Dow, I am lucky to have met you,' he said. 'I thought you were in the country.'

'So we are. A committee meeting brought me in for the day—that is all,' quickening his pace as he spoke.

Mr Grierson quickened his too. 'I wanted to tell you that I have got that appointment I mentioned; it will make a very comfortable addition to my income.'

'I am glad to hear it,' returned the Professor frigidly, walking up his own door-steps.—'I will bid you good-morning now, Mr Grierson; I have to look in here for a minute or two.'

'Then perhaps you will allow me to wait for you? I have several other things to speak to you about.'

Very reluctantly, the Professor gave way; he had the instincts of a gentleman, and could hardly decline as curtly at his own door as elsewhere. 'The house is *en deshabille*,' he said, opening the door with his latchkey; 'but if you like to wait here for a moment, I will not detain you longer. Leave the door open—it feels uncommonly close inside.'

It certainly did. John Grierson stood in the doorway, looking thoughtfully out at the passing cabs and omnibuses, and making up his mind that there should be no further begging the question by his proposed father-in-law. If fair means did not answer, he should be made to

understand in plain Saxon that they would do without him. At this point Mr Grierson suddenly became aware of smothered execrations and ejaculations from the regions behind.

'Hullo! is anything the matter?' he called out. 'Burglars—— Good gracious!' He had found his way to the little passage behind the study. Dr Dow was there, clutching at the door into the dark closet, from which a lurid light shone. The air from it was like a blast from a furnace; but the interior was like unto no furnace either of them had ever seen.

The gas had been burning in the closet since the day the family left town! The Professor had neglected to turn it off before he locked the closet door! And there it was, the smoking gas jet—without a burner—flaring away, as it had flared day and night since the house was shut up. How the house itself had escaped entire destruction was a mystery not to be explained. From wall and ceiling of the closet, from shelves and pegs and crates and garments, hung waving pendicles of soot. Every box and bundle was crusted with it, even to the boarded floor; and the luckless Professor stood gazing helplessly in at the havoc he had accomplished.

Mr Grierson gave vent to a prolonged whistle. 'Phew! if that's the plight your servants leave behind them, I'd make a clean sweep of them every one. Why, the place might have been burned down three times over.'

'It was I who left it,' gasped the convicted master, 'not the servants.'

'O-h!'

'I wouldn't have had it happen for ten—twenty—fifty pounds,' panted the Professor. 'I have always been so particular about anything of that kind, and now'—— He broke off with a groan that expressed more than words.

Mr Grierson made no comment; he did not feel called upon to express any sympathy—it was hardly to be expected of him. The Professor might be great in metaphysics, but in a practical emergency he was nowhere. As far as John Grierson could perceive, they were likely to spend the rest of the evening gazing at the sooty scene.

'You are going back by the six train, I suppose?' he remarked tentatively.

'How can I go back with a house like this?' demanded the Professor. 'I shall never hear the last of it. Look at Mrs Dow's cloak; I was to have taken it back with me.' He lifted the edge of the garment as he spoke—the fur-lining might have been composed of black fringe, for any colour that could be seen.

Mr Grierson shook his head discouragingly. 'I'm afraid Mrs Dow will never put that on again.'

'I never had a misfortune like this in my life before,' wailed her unhappy husband. 'I'd almost as soon the whole place had caught fire.'

Mr Grierson shook his head a second time. It was quite a refreshment of spirit to be able to look on reprovingly; he would not have missed the chance for a good deal, even if his own affairs had to stand over in consequence. All at once a sudden gleam of inspiration came upon him; some expression that was hardly compassion so much as self-interest swept across his complacent face; he dimly saw some beautiful possibility

of establishing a hold upon the immaculate Professor, and working it round to his own ends.

'How would it be if you were to say nothing at all about it?' he suggested cautiously. 'Get a charwoman in and have this mess cleared away? It's only soot, after all—there's no real damage done.'

The Professor grasped at the idea, like the proverbial drowning man at the straw. 'Could it be done?' he asked anxiously. 'There is that cloak too, only bought last winter.'

'Couldn't you get another like it?' insinuated the tempter. 'They're sure to have plenty more at the shop it came from; women's clothes are all cut after the same pattern.'

The Professor fell headlong into the trap; the downward path is fatally easy, once the first crooked step is taken. John Grierson promptly placed himself at the head of affairs, and the Professor was like clay in the hands of the potter. A charwoman was hunted up, brooms and brushes brought into full play, Dr Dow and Mr Grierson assisting till they might have passed for a pair of itinerant Christy Minstrels. The cloak was vigorously shaken out of the study window, and tied up in a clumsy paper parcel, ready for negotiating the change next morning. By ten o'clock that night the Professor's credit was saved; but his innocence was gone. For him, a grimy skeleton would haunt that closet through all time to come.

'Would it be possible to stop up that gas pipe, do you think?' he asked his accomplice, as they stood critically surveying the result of their labours. 'It doesn't look at all bad till you turn that light on; a person coming in with merely a candle would not notice any difference.'

Mr Grierson laughed. 'All right. We'll make assurance doubly sure. A plug of paper will keep that pipe off duty till it's convenient to put it on again.—Now we may as well look after some soap and water for ourselves; we have put in a fair night's work.'

Whatever John Grierson's failings might have been in the past, Dr Dow had no reason to complain of his doing things by halves on this occasion. He gave the finishing touches to everything, swept away all trace of the charwoman's presence, took upon himself the sole responsibility of the cloak transaction, and presented himself at the station the next morning in abundance of time to hand it in to the Professor's carriage and assure him that detection was impossible.

'I really do not know what to say to you, Mr Grierson,' said the Professor, uneasily arranging his parcels on the opposite seat. 'You have given yourself a good deal of trouble over this unfortunate accident. I am almost afraid I lost my balance slightly yesterday; but it is so seldom that anything of that kind has occurred, you can perhaps understand my unwillingness to have it generally talked about.'

'Don't think of it,' said Mr Grierson, with great politeness. 'Very few of us have contrived to get on so far without some kind of skeleton to hide away.—Good-bye; be sure and tell Mary I'll take a run over to see her on Saturday.'

And somehow—into the details of the process it is better not to inquire too closely—the Pro-

fessor brought himself to deliver the message verbatim. He knew now that that same skeleton would be a powerful lever in all coming arrangements.

Some years back—about the juvenile era of the present generation—it was the universal creed that no good action ever went unrewarded, no deed of darkness undiscovered and unpunished. Nevertheless, there have been many exceptions recorded. Dr Dow's skeleton is one of them: months of quiet dust have gathered undisturbed about it; no ruthless hand has let in the light of day, or gas, into the dark closet behind the study, and possibly Mrs John Grierson is the only outsider who has ever heard it whispered that there was any mystery connected with it. The nearest approach to discovery came with the Christmas bills; even gentle Mrs Dow was aghast at the length of the quarter's gas account. 'It is a perfect imposition,' she declared indignantly; 'we have not burned the half of it. I am most careful—in seeing that it is never used unnecessarily. I don't know what the Professor will say when he sees it.'

But the Professor coming in just then, declined to interfere. It was better—much better, he said—speaking very feelingly—to be cheated than to cheat; and if there was any imposition in the matter, he preferred to leave it entirely to the conscience of the gas company.

It was curious that Mr Grierson took much the same view when he saw the bill. After that, Mrs Dow had no alternative but to pay it, though she did it under protest, and with a firm conviction of flagrant iniquity in high quarters.

W H Y ?

I WONDER why, six months ago,

When we two met to say good-bye,
And roses tossed their scented snow

To wooing winds that whispered nigh :

When sunlight fell in glittering showers

The blossom-laden boughs among,

And all the earth was bright with flowers,

And all the air was glad with song :

That, even though you bent and kissed

The tearful cloud upon my face,

I only saw a world of mist,

Which held no beauty and no grace !

I wonder why, now days are cold,

And no gay wing the coppice stirs ;

Now snow lies thickly o'er the world,

And mournful winds are in the firs :

Nor sun, nor bird, nor flower I miss,

Because at the old place we stand

(There are no tears for you to kiss),

And once more whisper hand in hand :

That though the earth is wrapped in gloom,

And leaden clouds shut out the sky,

My world seems filled with light and bloom

And summer warmth—I wonder why !

E. MATHESON.

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